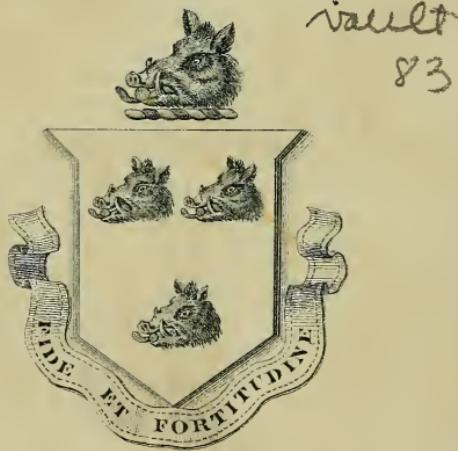


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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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A
Midsommer nights
dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub-
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.

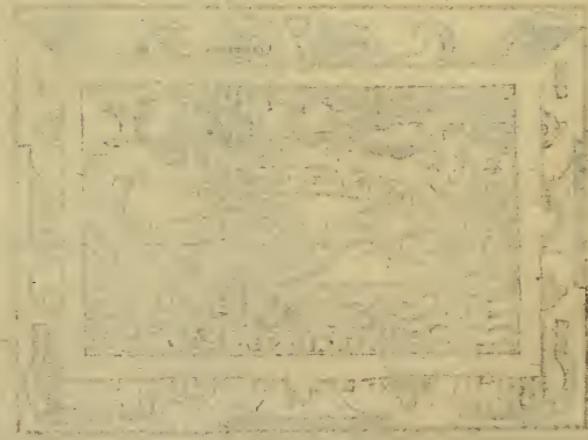
Written by William Shakespeare.



¶ Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to
be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,
in Fleetestreete. 1600.

149.972

May, 1873



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apase: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moone waues! She lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdaine, or a dowager,
Long withesing out a yong mans reueneue,
H. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselves in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time;
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

the. Goe Philostrate,

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander
and Helena, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.

the. Thankes good Egeus. What's the newes with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,

And interchang'd loue tokenes with my childe:

Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her phantasie:

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nosegaies, sweete meates (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardenedyouth)

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)

To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be, either to this gentleman,

Or to her death; according to our lawe,

Immediatly prouided, in that case.

The, What say you, *Hermia*? Be aduis'd, faire maid.

To you, your father shoulde be as a God:

One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power,

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*. *The*, In himselfe he is:

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Ker

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Her. I would my father looke but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must, with his iudgement, looke,

Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee;

I know not by what power, I am made bould;

Nor how it may concerne my modesty,

In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your Grace, that I may kniowe

The worst that may befall mee in this case,

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,

For euer, the society of men.

Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question your desires,

Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yelde not to your fathers choyce)

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd

To liue a barraine sister all your life,

Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitlesse Moone.

Thrise blessed they, that master so there bloode,

To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage:

But earthly er happy is the rose distild,

Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp

Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwished yoake

My soule consents not to giue souerainty.

The. Take time to pawse, and by the next newe moone,

the sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,

For euerlasting bond of fellowshippe,

Vpon that day either prepare to dye,

For disobedience to your fathers will,

Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,

Or on *Dianas* altar to protest,

For aye, austeretie and single life.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*;
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you inarry him.

Egeus. Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lysand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more than his:

My fortunes euery way as fairlye rankt

(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:

And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius. He auouch it to his heade,

Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,

And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,

Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confessse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,

My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,

And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with me:

I haue some priuate schoolding for you both.

For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,

To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;

Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp

(Which by no meanes ye may extenuate)

To death, or to a vowe off single life.

Come my *Hypolita*: what cheare my loues?

Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:

I must employ you in some busynesse,

Against our nuptiall, and conserfe with you

Of

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.

Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you, *Exeunt.*

Lysand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.

Lis. Eigh me: for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe:
But either it was different in bloud;

Her. O crosse! too high to be inthralld to loue.

Lis. Or else misgraffed; in respect of yeares;

Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.

Lis. Or else, it stooode vpon the choyce offriends;

Her. O hell, to choose loue by anotherseyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earths;
And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure itvp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true louers haue bin euer crost,
it stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, *Hermia:*
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reunew, and she hath no childe;
From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues;
And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

There.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I matry thee:
And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not pursue vs. If thou louest mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow nightes
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meeete thee once with *Helena*
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the false *Troian* vnder saile wasseene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meeete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter *Helena*.

Her. God speedefaire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnsay.

Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete aire
More tunable then larke, to shepheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthrone buddes appeare.
Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest ile giue to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.

Her. I giue him curses; yet he giues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face:

Lysander and my selfe will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell;

That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnsould:
To morrow night, when *Phaebus* doth beholde
Her siluer visage, in the warty glasse,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuised to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon saint Primrose beddes, were wont talye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meeete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To seeke new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keape word *Lysander*: we must starue oursight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit *Hermia*.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*, *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. Exit *Lysander*.

Hel. How happye some, ore other some, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as slice.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
And therefore is loue said to bee a childe:
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boyes, in game, themselues forswearre:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile some heate, from *Hermia*, felte,
So he dissolued, and shoures of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and back againe. Exit.

Enter Quince, the Carpenter; and Snugge, the Joyner; and Bottom, the Weaver; and Flute, the Bellowes mender; & Snout, the Tinker; and Starueling the Tayler.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrippe.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. First good *Peeter Quince*, say what the Play treats on; then read the names of the Actors, & so grow to a point.

Quin.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the most lamentable comedy,
and most ciuell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a merr-
ry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the
scrowle. Masters, spreade your selues.

Quin. Answere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weaver?

Bot. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing
of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil
mooue stormes: I will condole, in some measure. To the
rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ere-
cles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the
raging rocks: and shiuering shocks, shall breake the locks
of prison gates, and *Phibbinus* carre shall shine from farre,
and make & marre the foolish Fates. This was lostie. Now,
name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants
vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Flute, you must take *Thisby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thisby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* must loue. (ming.

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a womā: I haue a beard cō-

Quin. Thats all one: you shall play it in a Maske; and you
may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to: Ile
speake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Py-
ramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you must play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qui.* Robin Starveling, the Tailer?

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisbys* mothers

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbies father; Snugge, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee; for I am slowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it, extempore: for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyonto. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say; Let him roare againe: let him roare againe.

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, every mothers sonne.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion, but to hang vs; but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I wil roare you as gently, as any sucking dowe: I will roare you, and twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus: for Piramus is a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a sommers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needes play Piramus.

Bott. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bott. I wil discharge it, in either your straw colour beard, your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire

you

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. Wee will meete, & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiously. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Qn. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough; holde, or cut bowstrings. *Exeunt.*

G Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Robin. How now spirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander euery where; swifter than the Moons sphere:
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the
The cowslippes tall her Pensioners bee, (greenie,
In their gold coats, spottes you see:
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;
In those freckles, liue their sauours.
I must goe seeke some dew dropes here,
And hang a pearle in every couslippes care.
Farewell thou Lobbe offspirts; Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell, and wrath:
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
Alouely boy stollen, from an Indian king:
She neuer had so sweete a changeling.
And iealous Oberon would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.
But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all herioy.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

And now, they never meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fa. Either I mistake your shape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite,
Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Mislead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?
Those, that Hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieast to *Oberon*, and make him smile. (the night,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly sole,
And sometime lurke I in a gossippes bole,
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe,
And when she drinke, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee:
Then slippe I from her bumme, downe topples she,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their myth, and neeze, and sware
A merrier hower was never wasted there.
But roome *Faery*: here comes *Oberon*.

Fa. And here, my mistresse, Would that he were gone,
Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine;
and the Queen, at another, with hers.

Oberon. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Qn. What, Jealous Oberon? Fairy skippe hence,
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy Lord?

Qn. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the farthest steppe of *India*?
But that, forsooth, the bounsing *Amazon*,
Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,
To *Thesens* must be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie.

Cb. How canst thou thus, for shame, *Tytania*,
Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing, I know thy loue to *Thesens*.
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauished?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

Quee. These are the forgeries of iealousie:
And neuer, since the middle Sommers spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.
Therefore the windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuermade so proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrian flocke.
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest:
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And, thorough this distemperature, wee see
The seasons alter: hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose,
And on old Hyems chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries; and the mazed worlde,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which.
And this same progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our dissencion:
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it then; it lyes in you.
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest.
The Faiery Land bides not the childe of mee,
His mother was a Votresse of my order:
And in the spiced Indian ayer, by night,
Full often hath she gossipt, by my side,
And sat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood:
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winder;

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Which she, with prettie, and with swimming gate,
Following her wombe then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and retурne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you stay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well: goeth thy way. Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembrest,
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song,
And cettaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I saw (but thou could'st not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by west,
And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly, from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts:
But, I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall *Vocall* he passed on,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free,
Yet markt I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I shewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Vpon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league.
Pn. Ile put a girdle, roué about the earth, in forty minutes.

Oberon. Hauing once thisiuice,
Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a sleepe;
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then she, waking, lookes vpon
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it, with the soule of Loue.
And ere I take this charme, from of her sight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am inuisible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile stay: the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.

Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamants:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

And I shall haue no powerto follow you.

Deme. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truthe,
Tell you I doe not, not I cannot loue you?

Hele. And euē, for that, do I loue you, the more?
I am your Spaniell: and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Use me but as your Spaniell: spurne me, strike mee,
Negle^t mee, loose me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
What wortser place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee)
Then to be vslē as you use your dogge.

Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.
For I am sick, when I do looke on thee.

Hele. And I am sick, when I looke not on you.

Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and comitt your ſelfe,
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.

Hele. Your vertue is my priuiledge: For that
It is not night, when I doe ſee your facee.
Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then, how can it be ſaide, I am alone,
When all the world is here, to looke on mee?

Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes.

Hele. The wildest hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Runne when you will: The ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chafe:
The Doue purſues the Griffon: the milde Hinde

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions. Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischife, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fieldes,
You doe me mischife. Fy *Demetrius*.
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with lushious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine:
There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enameld skinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seekethrough this groue:
A sweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he espies,
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prooue.

More

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

More sond on her, then she ypon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe.

Pu. Feare not my Lord: your servant shall do so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tytania Queen of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Corne, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders.
At our queint spirits: Sing me now a sleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blindegromes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queen.

Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

1. Fai. Weauning Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor snail doe no offence.

Philomele with melody, &c.

2. Fai. Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou doest wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Pard, or Boare with bristledhaire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare:
Wake, when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander: and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it so *Lysander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god *Lysander*: for my sake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye so neere.

Lys. O take the sense, sweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee can make of it:
Two bosomes interchained with an oath:
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then, by your side, no bed-roome me deny:
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew me my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,
Ly further off, in humane modesty:
Such separation, as may well be said
Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweete friend:
Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Her. Wiche halse that wiche, the wichehers eyes be prest,
Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone;
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence. Who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare,
This is hee (my master saide)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty sowle, she durst not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtesie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owes
When thou wak'st, let loue forbiddē
Sleepē, his seat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I must now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus.
Hele. O, wile thou darkling leaue me? doe not so.
De. Stay, on thy perili: I alone will goe.
Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happie is *Hermia*, wheresoere she lies:
For she hath blessed, and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner washē then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beastes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lysander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a sleepe? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

Lys. And runne through fire, I will for thy sweete sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature shewes arte,
That through thy bosome, makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sworde!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so.
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you: then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* loue.

VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reason swaid:
And reason saies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.
And touching now, the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I ofelooke
Loues stories, written in loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorne?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good trach you doe in ee wrong (good sooth you doe)
In such disdainfull manner, mee to wooe.
But, fare you well: perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesſe.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

O, that a Ladie, of one man resul'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, sleepeth thou there,
And neuert maist thou come *Lysander* neere.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing, to the stomacke bringes:
Or, as the heresies, that men doe leauie,
Are hated most of those they did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all bee hated; but the most, of mee:
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. Exit.

Her. Helpe mee *Lysander*, helpe mee: do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent, from my brest.

Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreaine was here?

Lysander looke, how I doe quake with feare.

Me thought, a serpent eate my heart away,

And you late smiling at his cruell pray.

Lysander what, remou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No sound, no word?

Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare:

Speake, of all loues. I swoone almost with feare,

No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:

Either death, or you, Ile finde immedietly. Exit.

Enter the Clownes.

Bott. Are wee all met?

Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes conuenient place,
for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this
hauthorne brake our tyring house, and wee will doe it in
action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.

Bott. Peeter *Quince*?

Quin. What saiest thou, bully, *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and
Thisby, that will neuert please. First, *Pyramus* must draw
a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

D

How

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

How answere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we must leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I haue a devise to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say; we wil do no harme, with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede: and for the more better assurance, tel them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weafer: this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraide of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde soule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue must tel, he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay: you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lions necke, and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to treble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snugge*, the loyner.

Quin. Well: it shall be so: but there is two hard things; that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine, that night, we play our Play?

Bot.

A Midsummer nightes drearie.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Quin. Yes: it doth shine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. 1: or els, one must come in, with a bush of thorns, & a latern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then, there is another thing; we must haue a wal in the great châber: for *Pyramus & Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What say you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough cast, about him, to signifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and reherser your parts. *Pyramus*, you beginne: when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue,

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swagging here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?

What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor, An Actor to perhappes, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyra. *Thisby* the flowers of odious sauours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours sauours sweete. So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare, But harke, a voice: stay thou but heere a while, And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere.

Thisb. Must I speake now?

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Quin. I marry must you. For you must vnderstād, he goes but to see a noyse, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lillie white of hewe, Of colour like the redrose, on triuphant bryer, Most brisky Iuuenall, and ecke most louely Iewe, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meeete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* tounbe.

Quin. *Ninus* tounbe, man. Why s̄ you must not speake That yet, That you answere to *Pyramus*. You speake Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is past: It is; neuer tire.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thys* by, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray ma-
sters: fly masters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryers: A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and roar, and burne, Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afraide. *Enter Snowte.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

Bot. What doe you see? You see an Asse head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince.

(Exit.

Quin. Bless thee *Bottom*, blesse thee. Thou art traslated.

Bot. I see their knauery. This is to make an asse of mee, to frighe me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraide.

The Woosell cock, so blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

The Throstle, with his note so true,

The Wren, with little quill.

Tytania. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,

The plainsong Cuckow gray:

Whose note, full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow,
neuer so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe.

Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:

So is mine eye enthrallled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue mee,

On the first viewe to say, to sweare, I loue thee.

Bot. Mee thinks mistresse, you shold haue little reason
for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty,
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
Nay I can gleeke, vpon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enought to get out
of this wood, I haue enought to serue mine owe turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe:

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate:

The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.

Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee:

And they shall fetch thee Jewels, from the deepe,

And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe.

Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede?]

Enter foure Fairyes.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe?

Tita. Bekinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily: I beseech your worshippes name.

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you. Your name honest gentleman?

Pea. Pease-blossome.

Bot. I pray you command mee to mistresse Squash, your mother, and to master Peacock, your father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Must. Mustardseede.

Bot. Good master Mustardseede, I know your patience well, That same cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustardseede.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower. The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a warry eye: And when shee weepes, weepes every little flower,

Lamen-

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chasteitie.

Ty vpon my louers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extreamitie.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
What nightrule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My mistresse with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower.
While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon Athenian stalles,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:
The shallowest thickskinne, of that barraine sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take:
An Asses nolle I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thisbie must be answered,
And forth my Minnick comes. When they him spy,
As wilde geese, that the creeping Foulereye,
Or russet pated choughes, many in sort
(Rysing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:
So, at his sight, away his fellowes fly,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He muither cryes, and helpe from Athens calls.
Their sensle, thus weake, lost with their feares, thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong.
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, snatch:
Some sleeues, some hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this distracted feare,
And left sweete Pyramus translated there:

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

Tytania wak't, and straight way lou'd an *Asse*.

Ob. This falles out better, then I could devise,
But haft thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue juice, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping, (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his side;
That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close: this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.

Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worse,
For thou (I feare) haft giuen me cause to curse.

If thou haft slaine *Lysander*, in his sleepe; (to
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue stollen away,
Frow sleeping *Hermia*? Ile bcléeue, as soone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haft murdred him.

So should a murtherer looke; so dead, so grimme.

Dem. So should the murthered looke, and so should I,
Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimering spheate.

Her. Whats this to my *Lysander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him mee?

Dem. I had rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth he never numbered among men.

O,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my sake:
Durſt thou haue looکt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him, ſleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: For with doublere tongue
Then thyne (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.

Deme. You ſpende your paſſion, on a miſpris'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.

De. And if I could, what ſhould I get therfore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee mee more:
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauinezze doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout ſlippe doth ſorrow owe:
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lydone.*

Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on ſome true loues ſight.
Of thy miſprision, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true.

Robi. Then fate or rules, that one man holding trōth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the windē,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſickē ſhe is and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the fresh blood deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
He charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.

Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.

Ob. Flower of this purple dy,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Hit with Cupids archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Tuck, Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, mistooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.

Shall wee their sond pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals bee!

Ob, Stand aside. The noyse, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Pu, Then will two, at once, woe one:
That must needes be sport alone.
And those things do best please mee,
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter *Lysander*, and *Helena*.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woe in scorne,
Scorne, and derision, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes so borne,
In their nativitie all truth appears,
How can these things, in mee, seeme scorne to you?
Beating the badge of faith to prooue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,
When trueth killes truth, o diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Lys. Demetrius loues her: and he loues not you.

Deme. O Helen, goddesse, nymph, perfect diuine,
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne?
Christall is muddy. O, how ripe, in shewe,
Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure coniealed white, high *Taurus* know,
Fand with the Easterne wind, turnes to a crowe,
When thou holdst vp thy hand, O, let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To let against mee, for your merriment.
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne, in soules, to mocke mee to?
If you were men, as men you are in shewe,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision None, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgine, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*: be not so,
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know.
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yelde you vp my parts:
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Deme. *Lysander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

My heart to her, but as guestwise, soiournd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.

Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.

Denne. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Whereth it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lysander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?

Her. What loue could presse *Lysander*, from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.

Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this soule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooldaies friendshipp, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

haue

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Hauē with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sainpler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an vniōn in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creast.
And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men, in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidelenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.

Her. I am amazed at your words:

I scorne you not. It seēnes that you scorne mee.

Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,

To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other loue, *Demetrius*

(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)

To call mee goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,

Pretious celestiali? VVherefore speakes he this,

To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lysander*

Deny your loue (so rich within his soule).

And tender mee (forsooth) affection,

But by your setting on, by your consent?

VVhat, though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?

(But miserable most, to loue vnlov'd)

This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I vnderstand not, what you meane by this.

Hel. I doe. Perseuer, counterfaſt ſad lookeſ;

Make moutheſ vpon mee, when I turne my back:

A Midsommer nightes dreame. A

Winke each at other, holde the sweete ieast vp.
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena: heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!

Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so;

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.

Thy threatshauē no more strength then her weake praise.
Hel. I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to me.

Dem. Quick come.

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop.

Dem. No, no: heele

Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?

Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny Tartar, out!
Out loathed medcine: ô hated potion hence.

Her. Doe you not ieast?

Hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.

Lys. Demetrios, I will keepe my word, with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. He not trust your word.

Lys.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harme her so.

Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night, you lou'd mee; yet since night, you left mee,
Why then, you left mee (O the gods forbid).

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life:
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Thefore be out of hope, of question, of doubts:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no ieast,
That I doe hate thee, and loue helena.

Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue: what haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart, from him?

Hel. Fine, I faith,
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfeit, you puppet, you,

Her. Puppet? Why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue, that she hath made compare,
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
her height (forsooth) she hath preuailed with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?
How lowe am I, thou painted May-pole? Speakes
How lowe am I? I am not yet so lowe,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not strike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
Thar I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with mee,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;
Sauie that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you; for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay to kill mee to.
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Herm. Why? get you gon. Who ist that hindres you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir: she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd.
She was a vixen, when she went to schoole:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againes! Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gon, you dwarfe;

You *minimus*, of hindring knot grasse, made;

You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalfe, that scernes your seruices.

Let her alone: speake not of *Helena*,

Take

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *helena*.

Deme. Follow? Nay: I'le go with thee, cheeke by iowlc.
her. You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.

hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
Mylegges are longer though, to runne away.

Her, I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *Exeunt.*

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committst thy knaueries wilfully.

Puck. Beleeue mee, king of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell mee, I shoud know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And, so farr eblamelesse prooues my enterprise,
That I haue nointed an *Athenian* eyes:
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight:
By therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these teasty Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.

Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue:
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
And sometime taile thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, sleepe,
With leaden legs, and batty wings doth creepe:

F

Then

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eye;
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision.
And backe to *Athens* shall the louers wend,
With leagus, whose date, till death shall neuer end,
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee implore,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monstres viewe, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Faiery Lord, this must be done with haste.
For nightis swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora* as harbinger:
At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churhyards: damned spirits all,
That in crosse waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black browed night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made sport,
And like a forrester, the groues may tread
Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his salt greene stremes.
But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:
We may effect this busynesse, yet ere day.

Pn. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & dowe
I am feard in field & town. *Goblin,* lead them vp & downe.
Here comes one. Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lys.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Deme. Lysander, speake againe.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some bush. Where doest thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the starres,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
That drawes a sword on thee.

De. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice: weeble try no manhood here. *Exeunt.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed fast: but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day,
For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight.

Robin, and Demetrius.

Robi. ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comst thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wot,
Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,
And darst not stand, nor looke mee in the face,
Where art thou now?

Rob. Come hither: I am here.

De. Nay then thou mockst me. Thou shat buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light see.
Now, goe thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,
To measure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eyē,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more.

Two of both kindes makes vp fower,
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.

Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pase with my desires,
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:

ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.

When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt

True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eyē:

And the country prouerbe knowne,

That every man should take his owne,

In your waking shall be showen.

Jacke shall haue *Ill*: nougat shall goe ill:

The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter *Queene of Faieries, and Clowne, and Faieries: and the king behinde them.*

Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy fleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome*?

Pea. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's *Monsieur Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready,

Clo.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Clo. Mounseur Cobweb, good Mounseur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Huimble Bee, on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounseur, bring mee the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the action, Mounseur: and good Mounseur haue a care, the honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you over-flowen with a honibag. *signior.* Where's Mounseur Mustardseede?

Must. Readie.

Clo. Giue me your nease, Mounseur Mustardseede. Pray you, leaue your curtse, good Mounseur.

Must. what's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounseur, but to helpe Caualery Cobwebbe, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounseur, For me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face. And I am such a tender Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reasonable good care in musique. Lets haue the tongs, and the bones.

Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desirest to eate.

Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a boſtle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall ſeekē the Squirils And fetch thee newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dried peafe. But, I pray you: let none of your people stirre me: I haue an expositiōn of ſleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes, Fairies be gon, and be alwaies away. So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle, Gently entwist: the female Iuy ſo Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seest thou this sweete sight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her,
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same deawe which sometime on the buddes,
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian swaine*;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the feare vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be, as thou wast wont to bee:

See, as thou wast wont to see.

Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweete Queene.

Tit. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamoured of an *Aesse*.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Tita. How came these things to passe?

O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Kobin*, take off this head:

Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead

Then coymon sleepe: of all these, fine the sense.

Ti. Musick, howe musick: such as charmeth sleepe. *(speepe)*

Rob. Now, when thou wak'it, with thine own foole eyes

Ob. Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now, thou and I are new in amitie,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnly

Daunce, in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,

And blesse it to all faire prosperitie.

There shall the paires of faithfull louers be

Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in iollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:

I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in silence sad,

Trippre we after nights shade:

We, the Globe, can compasse soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Theseus and all his traine.

Winde borne.

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forrester:

For now our obseruation is performde,

And since we haue the vaward of the day,

My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.

Vncouple, in the westerne vallie, let them goe:

Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester,

Wee will faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,

And marke the musicall confusion

Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Creese they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of Sparta: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweete thundre.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartaene kinde:
So flew'd, so sanded: and their heads are hung
With eares, that sweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like Theffalian Buls:
Slowe in purfluit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Theffaly.
Judge when you heare. But soft. What nymphes are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere a sleepe,
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedars Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose vp earely, to obserue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our solemnite.
But speake, Egeus, is not this the day,
That Hermia should giue answer of her choyce?

Egeus. It is, my Lord. (horns.)

These. Goe, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
Shoute within: they all start vp, Winde hornes.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.
Begin these wood birds but to couple, now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you all, stand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is so farfe from iealousie,

To

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

To sleepé by hate, and feare no enmitie,

Lys. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truely say how I came here.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is;

I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent

Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might

Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,

Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.

I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:

They would haue stolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,

Thereby to haue defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee, of my consent:

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in fury hither followed them;

Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.

But my good Lord, I wote not by what power

(But by some power it is) my loue,

To *Hermia* (melted as the snowe)

Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaudie,

Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obie&t and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,

Was I betrothed, ere I see *Hermia*:

But, like a sicknesse, did I loath this foode.

But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,

Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it,

And will for euermore be true to it.

The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met,

Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Egeus. I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is somthing worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feast, in great solematie. Come *Hypolita*.
Dem. These thin gs see me small and vndistinguyshe,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

Her. Me thinks I see these things, with parted eye,
When euery thing seemes double.

Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hypolita*.

Lyf. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by
the way lets recount our dreames.

Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answere.
My next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*?
Flute, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue
had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say; what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if
hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was,
there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me
thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will
offer to say, what mee thought I had. The eye of man
hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans
hand

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
hearte to report, what my dreame was. I will get Pe-
ter Quince to write a Ballet of this dreame : it shall be
call'd *Bottom's Dreame*; because it hath no bottome : and
I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke.
Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I shall sing
it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabbell.

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottom's* house? Is he come
home, yet?

Flut. Hee cannot be heard of, Out of doubt he is trans-
ported.

Thys. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes
not forward. Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You haue not a man, in all *A-*
thens, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-
craft man, in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very
Paramour, for a sweete voice.

This. You must say, Paragon, A Paramour is (God
blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, the Joyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-
ple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more
married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all
beene made men.

Thys. O sweete bully *Bottome*, thus hath hee lost six
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped
sixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him six
pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged.
He would haue deserued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

Quin, Bottom, ò most couragious day! O most happy
hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me
not what. For if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will
tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of mee, All that I will tell you, is, that
the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good
strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes,
meete presently at the palace, every man looke ore his part.
For, the short and the long is, our play is prefer'd. In any
case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that
plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out
for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no O-
nions, nor garlick: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and
I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy.
No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, and Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of,
The. More straunge then true. Ineuer may beleeue
These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reason euer comprehendes. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vne

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to shapes,
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their mindstransfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy:
But howsoeter, strange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and
Helena.

the. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royll walkes, your
boorde, your bedde. (hauie,

the. Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee
To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is our vsuall manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To easle the anguish of a torturing hower? Call Philoftrate.

Philoftrate. Here mighty Thesens.

the. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske, what musicke? How shall we beguile
The laz.y tyme, ifnot with some delight?

Philof. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe,
Make choyce, of which your highnesse will see first.

the. The battell with the centaures to be sung,
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that, That haue I tolde my louie,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules,
The ryot of the tipsie Bacchanals.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Tearing the *thracian* singer, in their rage?
That is an olde devise: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.
The thrise three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceast, in boggery?
That is some *Satire* keene and critically,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ise,
And wôdrous strange snow. How shall we find the côcord
Of this discord?

Philast. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed.

These. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this fame Play, against your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you seruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplicesse and ducty tender it.

Goe

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duety, in his seruice, perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He layes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks, for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.

And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;

Where I haue seene them shiuier and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,

And in conclusion dumbly haue broke off,

Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,

Out of this silence, yet, I pickt a welcome:

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,

In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Philof. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest,

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.

That you should thinke, we conie not to offend,

But with good will, To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despight.

We doe not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is, All for your delight,

Wee are not here, that you should here repent you,

the Actors are at hand: and, by their showe,

You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte : hee knowes not the stoppe. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake ; but to speake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a sound; but not in gouernement.

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im- paired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, and Wall, and Moone- shine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this shew, But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you woulde knowe:

This beautious Lady *Thisby* is certaine.

This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder: And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne, Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,

By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, thereto wooe;

This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)

The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,

Did scarre away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:

Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.

Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweete youth, and tall,

And findes his trusty *Thisbyes* mantle slaine:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, He brauely broacht his boylng bloody breast,

And *Thisby*, taryng in Mulberry shade,

his dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,

Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,

At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

The

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when
many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke
That had in it a cranie hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This lome, this roughcast, and this stome doth shewe,
That I am that same wall: the truth is so.
And this the cranie is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.

The. Wouldest you desire lime and haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard dis-
course, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: silence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbyes* promise is forgor.
And thou & wall, & sweete, & louely wall,
That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, & wall, O sweete and louely wail,
Shewe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,
Thankes courteous wall. *loue* shield thee well, for this.
But what see I? No *Thisby* doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee.

The. The wall mee thinkes, being sensible, should curse
againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he should not. *Deceiuing* mee is
Thisbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Pat as I told you: yonder she comes. Enter Thisby.
This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.

Pyra. I see a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisby*es face. *Thisby?*
This. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.
Pyr. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I trusty still.

This. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kisse mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.

This. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meeete me straight way?

This. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

Duk. Now is the Moon vised between the two neighbours.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the silliest stusse, that euer I heard.

Duke. The best, in this kinde, are but shadowes: and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worse of them, then they of the-
selues, they may passe for excellent men. Here come two
noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, and Moone-shine,

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the joyner am

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,
For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Deme. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lys. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

Duk. True: and a goose for his discretion.

Dc. Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his discretion: and the fox carries the goose.

Duk. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour. For the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leauē it to his discretion, and let vs listen to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.

Deme. He shoulde haue worne the hornes, on his head.

Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, with in the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present, My selfe, the manith Moone, doe seeme to be.

Duke. this is the greatest errour of all the rest; the man shoulde be put into the lanthorne. How is it else the manith Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already in snuffe. (change,

Dutch. I am awaie of this Moone, Would hee woulde

Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time.

Lysan. Proceede, Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the manith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.

Deme. Why? All these shoulde be in the lanthorne: for all these are in the Moone. But silence: here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is ould Ninies tumbe. Where is my loue? Lyon, Oh,

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Dem. Well roard, Lyon.

Duke. Well runne, thisby.

Duchesse. Well shone Moone, truly, the Moone shines,
with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouzd, Lyon.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy sunny beamis.
I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright.

For by thy gratioues, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to take of truest thisby light.

But stay: ô spight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?

Eyes do you see! How can it bee!

O dainty duck, o deare!

Thy mantle good, what, staint with blood?

Approach ye Furies sell,

Ofates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend would
goe neere to make a man looke sad.

Dutch. Beshewe my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.

Which is, no, no: which was the fairest dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.

Come teares, confound, out sword, and wound

The pappe of *Pyramus*:

I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.

Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky.

Tongue loose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lys.

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Lys. Lessle then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prooue an Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before? *Thisby* comes backe, and findes her louer.

Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee comes, and her passion ends the Play.

Dur. Methinkes, she should not vse a long one, for such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be briefe.

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs; she, for a woman; God blesse vs.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.

Deme. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*,

This. A sleepe my loue? What, dead my dōue?

O Pyramus, arise,
Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe
Must couer thy sweete eyes.

These lilly lippes, this cherry nose,

These yellow cowslippe cheeke

Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:

His eyes were greene, as leekes.

O sisters three, come, come, to mee,

With hands as pale as milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his threede of silke.

tongue, not a word: coine trusty sword,

Come blade, my breast imbrew:

And farewell friends: thus *Thisby* ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moone-shine and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and *Wal* to.

Lyon. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it please you, to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our company?

A Midsommer nights dreame.

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thibskies* gar-
ter, it woulde haue beeene a fine tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue,
Louersto bed, tis almost Fairy time.

If eare we shall outsleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable grosse Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this solemnnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,
Ali with wcarey taske foredoone.
Now the wasted brands doe glowe,
Whilst the sciech-owle, scieching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his spright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolick: not a mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent, with broome, before,

To

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

to sweepe the dust, behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,
Hop as light as birde from brier,
And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearse your song: by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,
through this house, each Fairy stray.
To the best bride bed will wee:
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue, there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of natures hand
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in natuitie,
Shall vpon their children be:
With this field deaw consecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber blesse,
through this palace, with sweete peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
trippe away: make no stay:
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
thinke but this (and all is mended)

A Midsommer nightes dreame.

that you haue but slumbred here,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, wee will mend.
And, as I am an honest *Puck*,
If we haue vncerned luck,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else, the *Puck* a lyer call.
So, good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.









